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The Student's Pen



AMERICO CONTENTA '48

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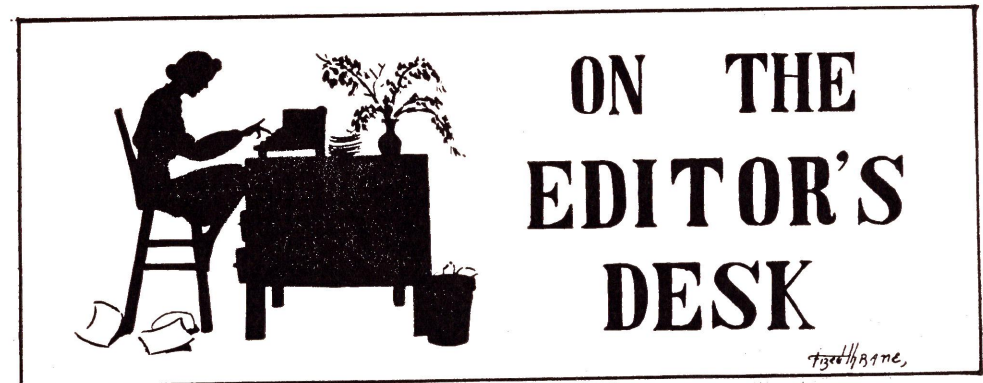
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More Power to Them!

By Alma Rosenfield

WE of Pittsfield High have just elected our Student Council for the coming year; we have shown our confidence in some of our schoolmates by electing them to the highest offices in the school. Above all, we have exercised our privileges as members of a democratic school in a democratic country. Living in America has taught us the value of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. We know, too, the value of teaching our citizens while they are still young the benefits of self-government and the methods of government. A Student Council, which may be called a little government of the pupils, by the pupils, and for the pupils, can do just this: it can teach to its members the principles and workings of democracy; it can teach those whom it represents that their privileges are not things to be taken lightly but to be cherished above all else; it can teach both groups to think, for it is the essence of a democracy to be able to develop youth who have independence of thought and

expression and who know the meaning of their many freedoms.

However, merely to have a Student Council is not enough. In order to represent the students properly, it must be effective and independent. It must have capable members who feel that they are necessary. Can these members feel necessary when their authority is limited and their measures are forever subject to veto by the school authorities? Yet such is the condition that exists in our school.

Are the Council's members never to have a chance to show that our confidence in them has not been misplaced? Must their every decision be approved by those who have already vested in them the power to make the rules and regulations that affect us all? Must the Council itself be a figurehead? The school officials should vest in this student body more power and should recognize and respect its decisions. Then and only then will the Council prove itself a responsible, efficient body. Then and only then shall we have genuine student government.

Everybody Benefits Everybody Gives

By Jean O. Jarvie

Now is the time for the Red Feather Drive. This is a real community service to our neighbors and ourselves. It is the means by which we fight human suffering and try to help solve the problems of old and young alike. Some services are free; others are given at rates arranged for the individual person.

In connection with the drive, a number of schoolmates and I were taken on a tour of three of the agencies. We were given the privilege of seeing how they operate, how the money is spent, and how desperately it is needed.

As we were shown through the Crippled Children's Home, the Day Nursery, the Family Service, it became apparent to me that the staffs of these organizations were not only giving expert attention and professional care, but were giving of themselves as well. Butch, the mascot pup at the Crippled Children's Home, is just as necessary to the youngsters as physical therapy, even if he does make extra work.

I remember going to the school with a dancing class when I was a little girl. It seemed odd that little folks so handicapped should enjoy watching an entertainment put on by children who had strong, sturdy legs. Now, I begin to understand. Their adjustment to their problem is due to the proper environment.

The more I saw, the more the idea came to me, what a wonderful thing is the community spirit fostered by the Community Chest, and how true it is that—

"All who joy would win

Must share it—happiness was born a twin."

Mr. Truman said in his broadcast,

"Your pledge to the Community Chest, helps to solve the myriad of human problems which are the common lot of everybody. And when you give that pledge warmly and generously, everybody benefits."

No gift is too insignificant.

Remember—

"All honour to the big ships

That face the deep-sea foam;

But don't forget the little ships

That help the big ships home."

Freedom Train

By Jean Krook

THE Freedom Train, which arrived in Pittsfield today, ended Community Rededication Week.

The visit of the Freedom Train is part of the American Heritage program to raise the level of active citizenship in our country.

The red, white, and blue train consists of seven cars, in the first of which are the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson's Bill of Religious Freedom, The Treaty of Paris, 1783, the draft of the Constitution with the annotation of George Washington, and the English Bill of Rights.

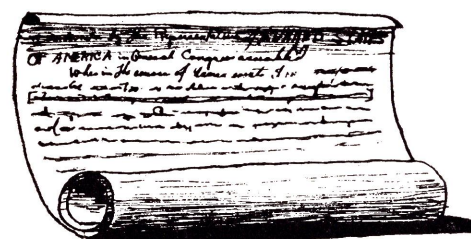
In the second car there are George Washington's Farewell Address, letters from General Robert E. Lee in the Civil War, and the Northwest Ordinance. All of these important documents are displayed beneath glass.

The third car contains many famous flags, including the one raised on Iwo Jima. Other equally famous items include the German and Japanese Surrender documents and the more recent Declaration of the United Nations. Jefferson's letter on Freedom of the Press is also on display in this car.

We are very fortunate in having such an exhibit brought to our city. It's a chance in a life time. Go to see the Freedom Train today.

"In A Child's Eyes"

By Grace Halsey



proposed a motion declaring the "United Colonies . . . free and independent states" and the motion had been carried, her father had said that now America was completely severed from England and there was no turning back.

Lucy knew this meant more fighting. Her Uncle David had been in the battle at Concord and had told her about it. He had tried to explain why they must fight; but Lucy, clinging to that love of royalty which is born in all English hearts and thrives even in the heart of a child, asked why they should turn against King George. But everyone seemed to be turning; old Ben Franklin (her father was always saying that Mr. Franklin was a great man, but Lucy couldn't understand that because he looked so kind, and all the great men in books looked so stern), was always making speeches for independence, and even that stern-looking Mr. Washington was fighting for it. Daddy said that it was a vast land that they were living in and men's spirits must be free in such a land. But Lucy still wanted the King. A child of ten can be as firm in her beliefs as a man of forty.

But now they were facing the State House. The delegates to the Continental Congress were walking slowly through the wide doorway. Some Lucy knew,—Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Lee, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hancock, Mr. Adams, Mr. Franklin; some she didn't know, but they all had the same expression on their faces as they went in, a serious expression, but an expression that was a queer mixture of wisdom and exultation. Finally the door closed, and the crowd standing there talked in low voices until it opened again. Then the clerk, announcing that the Declaration of Independence had been signed, started to read:

LUCY bounded down the stairs, her brown curls bouncing on her shoulders as she hit each succeeding step. Her hair was not combed just the way her mother liked it, but she knew her mother would not notice it today. She ran into the big kitchen where Martha, the cook, gave her something to eat. Just as she was finishing, she heard her father's voice from the library, "Lucy, Lucy, if you're coming with us, hurry!" Lucy ran out of the kitchen and taking her father's hand watched at the foot of the stairs for her mother, who was coming down, carrying the new baby brother, John.

"Ellen, don't ye think that it would be best to leave John home with Martha?" her father asked.

"Nay, Charles, it's a day that happens only once in a boy's life, and I don't wish to have little John miss any of it."

"Well then, let's go, for I myself don't want to miss anything that happens." Saying this her father hurried his family out of the house.

It was a fine day in Philadelphia that July fourth in 1776, and many people were hurrying to the common in front of the State House. As Lucy hurried along with her father, she thought of the things she had heard about the signing of this declaration. Two days before, when Richard Henry Lee of Virginia had

"When, in the course of human events . . ." Lucy, half listening, looked around; and as she looked, she saw freedom in the faces of the men, and strength and courage. The sky seemed bluer and the sun brighter, and she knew, deep in her heart, that these men would win their fight, that the king was unimportant, that it was the state that mattered, that all men needed freedom, that God

meant us to be free, and that the descendants of these men would ever fight to preserve this freedom. Then she listened to the clerk again and heard, her heart singing, "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Autumn in the Berkshires

By Maureen Vincent

THE September sun beats down relentlessly on a sweltering populace, wilting both plants and animals alike. People ask one another when this heat spell will terminate and wonder at such summery weather in September.

Then suddenly the sun becomes cooler, the air crisper, the sky bluer. The frost spirit paints the leaves of the trees in gay crimson, gold, and rust, and the Berkshires are once again clothed in their most becoming attire, the cloak of autumn.

The rolling hills and broad valleys are indeed colorful—the meadows with stacked gold-brown hay, corn stalks, and ripe orange pumpkins, while the hillier regions attain a spectral rainbow of forest trees and shrubs.

To see and appreciate the best scenery, drive along the country roads, and enjoy the brilliance of the gypsy hues of trees and plants. Try also to drive to Greylock. Atop our loftiest summit, one can see for miles around, the beauteous attractions of northern Berkshire.

In addition to autumn's scenic values there is much activity in the Berkshires during this season. The county high schools once again resume their football scrimmages. On the playing field ambitious lads in bright numbered jerseys are seen practicing field goals and T-formations each afternoon after school.

Another famous attraction is the Great Barrington Fair, which draws residents from not only Berkshire County, but the entire state. Here homemakers and farmers enter their handwork and livestock in prize competition.

Harvest time brings the farmer more hard work; the corn, apples, and potatoes must be packed and stored, or shipped to various food centers. Many of the apples go to the county cider mills to be made into the sweet, tangy, refreshing cider.

Thus autumn in the Berkshires is a plentiful season, a season full of beauty, pleasure, activity, and wonder.



Football Hero

By Edith Butler

THE stillness of night has enveloped the sleepy little town of Deerfield, and the townfolk, having experienced a very eventful day, are entering the Land of Dreams. The ball park, in harmony with the rest of the town, is still and deserted.

The only remnants of the excitement of the day are empty soda bottles, peanut shells, confetti, and an endless number of forgotten articles scattered upon the vacant bleachers.

The day had proved extremely exciting for all football fans, both young and old. Deerfield High had met its chief opponent Grandville. Now, Grandville High had been the undefeated champion for years; therefore, no one had dreamed that Deerfield could win.

The game started with the expected happening. Grandville got the ball, but Deerfield, alert and well prepared, prevented any promotion of Grandville's score. Deerfield tried hard, put up stiff competition, and held the line. At the end of the half there was an even score of nothing to nothing.

The third quarter revealed more fight but no change in the score. The Deerfield line held.

As the end of the last quarter approached, the excitement increased. Both teams fought desperately for victory, but the score remained unchanged. Then Deerfield faced an unforeseen catastrophe. Dave Steward, the star player, was injured and carried off the field.

Coach Chellis of Deerfield tore his hair, since the only man available to substitute for Steward was Mark Jones,—Jones, whose knowledge of football was extremely limited, and whose playing ability was nil. He was never used except in case of stark necessity. This was clearly such a case.

There being no other alternative, the coach encouraged him with a rather limp pat on the

back, and Jones tripped on to the field. Notice that I said "tripped." Our hero had neglected to tie his shoes, an omission which caused him to make a very ungraceful entrance on his face.

Picking himself up, he gazed helplessly at the ball coming toward him. As victory rested on his shoulders, Jones chose this opportunity to repair a broken shoe lace which he had stepped upon.

The coach wrung his hands in desperation, and the Deerfield fans groaned in agony.

Grandville's star player seized the ball and headed madly down the field for a touchdown. But in his haste he miscalculated on Jones, who, quite oblivious of the game, stooped to tie the other shoe lace, tripped the runner, and brought him down.

A spontaneous cheer rose from the Deerfield stands. Jones had saved the day!

The game was over, and Deerfield had held Grandville to a scoreless tie.

Darkness has descended. The cheering crowd has long since departed. The stillness of night has enveloped the sleepy little town of Deerfield. The ball park is still and deserted.

THE VANISHING SEASON

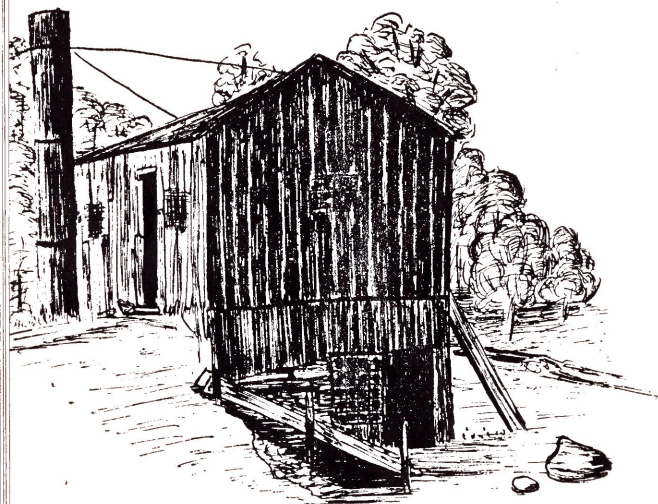
By Maureen Vincent

The glories of the autumn
Have vanished from our sight;
Rank desolation moves among
The fields with fiendish might.
Here, robed in green and crimson,
A majestic maple reigned;
In that lone field of barren brown,
Once grew the golden grain.
The sun is dull and shallow,
It seems no longer large;
Thus Nature has prepared herself
To meet fierce winter's charge.

A Taste of Autumn

By Mary Bonneville

Illustrations by Marjorie Munn



Feel that tingle in the air? If you're on good terms with Mother Nature, you know that this is fall. Apples are ripe, and it's time for cider—delicious, sweet, and fresh.

As long as we're walking out today, why don't we stop at Howard's? I'm sure we turn off South Mountain Road across from the pond and near the school, but it's so easy to miss. Ah! Here we go down the bumpy dirt tracks and around the corner. There—there on the bank before us—is Howard's cider mill, bathed in the warm autumn sunlight. In this spot, time has scarcely moved since Mr. Oliver Luce built his saw and cider mill about one hundred twenty years ago. True, the wheel that churned Wampenum Brook is gone. The old steam engine, installed when the mill was rebuilt in 1860, gave way to the gasoline engine which is still working faithfully. Yet these are the original boards, hand hewn, and those pegs which hold them have seen many generations carve their initials.

Awaiting their fate, the apples upstairs smell as good to a school-boy of today as they did to Mr. Luce's son and grandson, Jesse Oliver Howard, from whom the mill takes its name, and who both operated it many years.

Listen! There is the grunt and sputter of the engine. As soon as the apples are chopped by a whirring grinder, they go down a chute into the basement. Men, protected by rubber aprons and gloves, and armed with wooden rake-like sticks, whose toothless faces were saved by the attachment of a flat board across each, are preparing what is called a "cheese."

The cheese that is not a cheese is made by placing a rim around a square, which looks like wooden lattice work, on a platform directly under the chute. As the crushed apples fall into the square of burlap spread inside the frame, the cider makers push and smooth them until the frame, which is about four feet high and four feet square, is full. The mushy apples are then covered by the excess burlap. This process is repeated nine times as the wheels whirl and the engine chugs. Now the cheese is complete. It's hard to believe that there are forty-five bushels contained in it, and that each one will give about three gallons of liquid.

With the push of many hands, the platform is turned until the cheese, like a giant apple sandwich, is beneath the press, which crushes it slowly but powerfully.

Soon the cheese will be about half its original height, and the remains of the apples (pomace) will be almost dry, ready to end life as cattle feed or fertilizer.

Perhaps the farmers of one hundred years ago, who came with oxen drawing their

apples and who carted away their brimming barrels, knew more about the art of making cider than their modern counterpart, but who cannot appreciate the tangy odor that sends a pang to his palate?

See the cider running from the cheese onto the platform and draining into the vat? How clear it is after passing through the filter near the top of the big wooden tub! Is your mouth watering already? Take a dipperful and taste of heaven!

When Mr. Waters, the manager, has handed us our jug, we leave reluctantly, looking back at Howard's cider mill, nestled among the autumn-decorated trees.



Now when the plains of the West and the magnolias of the South are described, they will never lure us. We have tasted cider fresh from a New England mill.

On A Football Game

By Diana Fink

GAY colors, cheering crowds, loyal banners, and loyal fans—a football game! Where else could you find such zeal and excitement?

But did you ever look beneath the cheering multitudes to find the people who comprise the throng? What is it the enthusiasts do that contributes the excitement to the game?

Take a look at the rough and ready boys in the top row bleachers. They resemble a group of gangsters out for the kill. Nothing is safe from these howling maniacs. No shelter is protection from the flying bottles; no unwatched coat safe from purloining.

The opposite corner of the field is reserved for the squirming females who just can't stand anything as strong as a flying tackle. "Eeek! He hit him, the big brute and he took the ball away from him, too!"

And then there is the helpful boyfriend trying to explain to his girl that the object of the game is not really to kill the opposing

team. "No, honey, a forward pass doesn't mean that he's being fresh."

"Oh! Isn't he simply too cute for words?" "What a hunk of man!" These girls don't know a touchdown from a home run, but they certainly enjoy the scenery.

"Hold that line! Hold that line!" The rising chant of the crowd is in keeping with the spirit of the game. Did they hold the line? You'll never know, because the people in back of you practically stood on the people in front of you so that they could find out.

Comes the climax of the game. Win or lose the fans are out on the field heading for the exits. I'll bet every football player who has had an off day simply loves the guy who consoles him with, "What's the matter, Joe? Leave your muscles home? Ha! Ha!" Very funny!

It's no wonder that a football fan is ready for a good night's sleep on returning home from a game. But would you change it? I wouldn't.

Riding in the Autumn

By Elena Camilli



the feeling that you are free from all the troubles of the world. You can enjoy the colorful hills and see the sparkling brooks, but there is something about being on a horse, with his enthusiasm for the day combined with yours, that makes the fall weather even more exciting.

I uphold a horseback ride on a fall day as the best way to spend an autumn day in the Berkshires.

EARLY AUTUMN

By Duane Brown

The garden still is green,
And green the trees around—
But the winds are roaring overhead,
And branches strew the ground.

Just today on the garden pool
Floated an autumn leaf;
How rush the seasons, rush the years!
O, God, how life is brief!

On the sun-dial in the garden
A golden sun keeps time;
A slowly moving shadow,
Marks off the circled line.

If once that shadow should falter,
By the space of a cat's eye-lash,
The seas would devour the mountains,
And the stars together would crash.

STRANGE RAINFALL

By Claire Rosenfield

The rain that from the trees doth fall
Has strewn the earth with colors bold
The once-green rug which covers all
Is tinted gold.

AUTUMN is the season to ride horseback. At no other time of year is the air so clear, the sun so bright, or are the fields so crisp. When are there big piles of leaves to trot through or freshly hayed fields to canter across, but in the fall? The time of year when the hills are brilliant red and gold and the skies are bright blue—that is the season to ride.

You might not believe it, but the effect of all the beauties of fall is distinctly shown in the horse. He becomes gay and frisky when the first little gust of autumn breeze hits his nostrils. He really lets out when he feels a recently mowed field beneath his hoofs. People are not the only ones who love to scuff through leaves. Horses of all types, young or aged, will prick up their ears at the scrunching sound the leaves make.

You can enjoy the brisk autumn days in other ways—hiking, bicycle riding, or just strolling—but these sports don't give you the same exhilarating feeling that riding does;



So You'd Like To Murder The Bugler?

By E. Sutor, Jr.

OH, you would, would you? Just wait a minute, s'il vous plait! Hear my side of the story before you make any hasty decisions.

First of all, have you ever been a bugler? I have. Don't misunderstand me; I'm not bragging about it; I'm just stating it as a fact.

Let's put it this way, have you ever been to a camp, or the like, where there was a bugler? I don't doubt but what most of you have. Also, I presume you've heard, and sometimes seen carried out, threats against that poor, misused, pitiable creature, the bugler.

(Now we'll carry on a little experiment. Oke?) Just imagine that you are a bugler. All right, so it is a horrible thought, but just imagine it, anyway.

It is about 6.25 A. M., and some bigwig around the camp wakes you up. Note that this is a *whole five minutes* before your fellow-campers have to get up. Next, you creep stealthily out of your cabin, taking "it" with you. ("It" being the bugle.) Then, as well as you can at this unearthly hour of the morn, you blow reveille. And are your efforts appreciated? Hah! I have never yet been hit by one, but boy, some of those flying shoes come extremely close!

Then all day long it's "Mess Call", "Swim Call", "First Call"—any and every call there is you are supposed to blow sweetly and

accurately, or else, well, we won't mention that. But no matter how well you do play, you are still insulted and slandered.

Furthermore, the mental strain placed upon "him" ("him" being the bugler) is terrific. "He" has to blow "it" at precisely the right time, especially at meals and swim, or else "he" is even more scorned and abused.

Perhaps the meanest trick I have ever had played on me was at one Boy Scout Camp. (No reflections upon that worthy organization.) Well, all the fellows were having a good time around the camp-fire, when the scoutmaster decided it was time to retire for the night. So he called on me to end the evening with taps. Everyone was silent as I blew. Even I! I could not get a darn note out of "it". Some guy had blocked up the mouth piece with sand! Well, at least that little occurrence taught me always to keep my bugle well hidden.

This incident seems slightly—shall we say—"humorous", to you. But at the time, it wasn't to me. In fact, it still seems like quite an ordeal as I think back upon it. I wonder if organizing a buglers' union would help to make people more considerate.

Please, I beg of you, be kind to this innocent individual, the bugler, when you again meet him at camp. Don't ever say those cruel words, "Oh, how I'd love to murder the bugler!"

The Best Years of Our Lives

By Alma Rosenfield

NOW that the doors of Pittsfield High have swung open once more to admit its students for another year, now that the largest class in its history has settled down to the desks where the leaders of today may have sat many years before, now that the past summer vacation is just a memory to look back upon and next summer will be here very soon for those of us who are graduating, we may stop to think back over the years to the time when we were just beginning our education. From that day on we have heard over and over again the words of parents, teachers, and friends, well-meaning words that have said, "These are the best years of your lives."

These words have come to be as familiar to us as "My, but you've grown," only they mean much more than an expression of surprise over an increase of height. To us who are in high school they are unnecessary, for we who have minds of our own (and it is indeed time that we have them) do not need to be reminded of the merits of an education or of the fact that all too soon we shall have to go out into the world to take upon our shoulders the responsibilities that our parents have borne for us. Unfamiliar as we may now be with its problems, we do not fear to look to the future; still we do not look forward to the day when we shall be leaving school. We are having the time of our lives and we know it.

Do many people realize how we feel? Do many know that the sigh and the scowl when one mentions school are not indicative of our true feelings? They are involuntary reflexes brought about by the legends and stories that have surrounded school for decades and will continue to surround it as long as it exists. Our parents know of the restlessness and in-

activity that come after the first week of summer vacation has passed; they know that when the ten weeks are over how conscientiously we prepare to take up our education where we left off at the end of June. Would we act thus for something we dislike?

Everyone can see the spirit with which we fight when someone says an unkind word about Pittsfield High. He can hear the cheers at ball games and rallies. He knows of our work to put our school at the top in every respect. We are not fighting and cheering and working for what we think is our prison: we are fighting for an institution; we are cheering for an ideal; we are working for that which we know is making these years "the best years of our lives".

THE HANDWORK OF GOD

By Claire Rosenfield

No artist's brush the glowing sunset knows;
No living hand has made the graceful trees
That sway with gentle rhythm in the breeze,
And to the vastness of the sky expose
Their slender arms now sheathed in leafy
clothes.
No human breath has stirred the restless seas
Nor rustles grass upon the fallow leas
Where lazily the silent herds repose.

A painted work may fade from mortal view;
The dying sun doth rise again anew;
The trees will change from green to motley
dress,
Man cannot with his stolen power do
The things which God doth send from out the
blue,
And naught that we create shall these
suppress.

The Reformation

By Louise Bloomberg

I ALWAYS thought I was well balanced mentally until I decided to stand in a P. H. S. corridor and observe carefully the mass of students rushing by me. After viewing them for a few minutes, I actually thought I was in a Persian market. There really is not much difference between the Persian's coat of many colors and the Argyle sweaters which are worn by almost every high school boy. Of course, the sweaters are striking, boys, but who wants to be hit? When we have so many geometry formulas to remember, we can't even glance at the sweaters, for one look at them, and we forget everything we ever knew! Even a colorblind person will tell you that orange, red, purple, and blue never got along on any color chart!

Not to be too hard on the masculine members of the student body, I'd like to mention the females' sweaters and skirts. I do mention both sweater and skirt, though even the sharpest-eyed creature cannot tell just exactly where the sweater ends and the skirt begins. It is really remarkable how easily the prettiest of girls can make herself look so absurd by simply slipping into a garment eight sizes too large, of dubious color, and vaguely resembling the fatigue jacket worn by a G.I. on K. P. duty. This object is blithely called a sweater. I do realize that it must be large enough to cover the ladies' knees, but why must so very little of the skirt be showing?

At this point I'd like to bring up this very new and stupendous bow-tie which is now the rage. It is literally out of this world. It should be!! Imagine having some obliging young gentleman walk you home, and just as you reach the front steps, two lights start blazing around the area of the boy's neck. In the dark it is enough to give one heart failure!

Now I am not attempting to be a reformer, but I suggest that every high school boy wear

either a brown or navy blue single-breasted suit, a conservative tie, a white, well-starched shirt, and a very beautifully polished pair of shoes. As for the girls, they should wear a well-tailored suit of dark color, gray cotton stockings, and arch-supporting oxfords. Now we have a well-dressed group of American boys and girls. Excuse me just a moment, people, while I change my Sloppy Joe and well-scuffed loafers for another sweater and skirt, and a new pair of loafers, for they are truly the uniform of today's teenagers.

LONG SKIRTS AND SHORT TROUSERS

With all the controversy over the *ups* and *downs* of the fall fashions we decided to get the opinions of students and teachers. Here they are!

EDWARD RUBIN—"I don't care how long skirts get. I've got a good memory."

PHYLLIS LISI—"As long as they're skirts, I don't care!"

JEAN JOHNSON—"They're either too long or too short."

LOUISE ELLIOT—"I think they're a boon to the farmer's daughter who has a little sewing ability and a good supply of grain bags."

MR. DAVISON—"I don't want to be quoted!"

"DOM" DICENZO—"Wow!"

JUNE GAVIORNO—"Oh, they have their ups and downs!"

"TONY" SACHETTI—"If they wear the skirts any longer they won't have to wear shoes!"

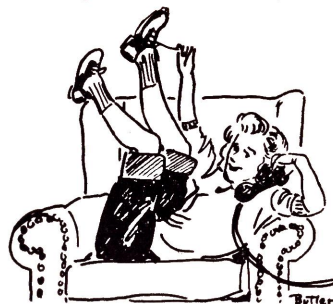
MR. HENNESSEY—"Now, wouldn't I look cute in short pants?"

BETTY BIANCHI—"They set the clock back twenty years."

"DICK" BARTLETT—"Longer skirts cover a multitude of shins."

MISS RHOADES—"Oh, no, I'm not getting involved."

Who's Who



MUSICAL PRODIGY

Jimmie Edmonds, outstanding junior, has shown great talent as a pianist. Jimmie has a very peculiar hobby, (that is, for a boy). He knits and crochets, and is very good at both. Jimmie loves to wear flashy neckties, and believe me, he does wear some pretty loud ties. He likes to eat anything his mother cooks. Jimmie has but one pet peeve, that is having his picture taken. Jimmie has no definite plans for the future, but any one who has heard him play the piano knows that music is his field.

GRIDIRON STAR

This 5 ft. 5 in. senior needs no introduction, for we all know him as Rit Arpante, star right halfback on our football team. Rit, though he is graduating in June, has no specific ambition. There is no particular type girl he likes, but he does like blueberry pie with ice cream. As for dislikes, tops on the list is English and—exercises in football practice. He is a member of the Senior Hi-Yi.



RAH! RAH!

Who's this? Why you know! It's Marilyn Burke, captain of our cheerleaders. Her favorite pastime is talking on the phone (She won't say to whom, though!) Besides leading us in those snappy cheers, she belongs to Zeta-Tri-Hi-Y. Marilyn loves to eat hot dogs, and her favorite subject is Spanish. As far as an ideal boy is concerned, well—she won't say. After graduation she plans to study nursing. Let's hope she will mend hearts instead of breaking them!



October, 1947

15

GOOD SPORT

Here, friends, is Frank Segala, who has proved to be a great gain to us and a grave loss to Adams. He says he prefers dear old P.H.S. to Adams High. Football, in which Frank has gained renown, is not the only sport he plays, but it is his favorite. He also plays basketball and baseball. Spaghetti and meatballs rate the highest for food. As for girls, and we quote, "I don't bother with them" unquote. His pet peeve is dirty play in any sport. Frank has no definite plans for the future, but whatever he decides upon, our wishes for the best of luck are with him.



ARTIST

The crowds that gather around the bulletin board are usually there to look over the helpful "School Calendar", which is drawn each month by Jimmie Crennan. Jimmie belongs to both the literary and advertising staffs of THE PEN. He is also a member of the band and the track team. When Jimmie isn't busy with all these activities, he's usually drawing a poster, trying to keep up with the sports, or as he would say, "Art and the pursuit of happiness."



ALL-ROUND GIRL

Students!!!! Step up and meet Margaret Kelly, better known as "Marg". This popular senior is editor of the School Notes in THE STUDENT'S PEN, and also the treasurer of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y. When it comes to food, "Marg" insists that she likes everything except turnips. Although she likes Spanish?? she finds study the most interesting period of the day. Her pet hate is homework, and her hobby is sports. Swimming is her favorite, and she is a loyal rooter at football and basketball games.

For a good all-round P. H. S. girl, we give you Margaret Kelly.

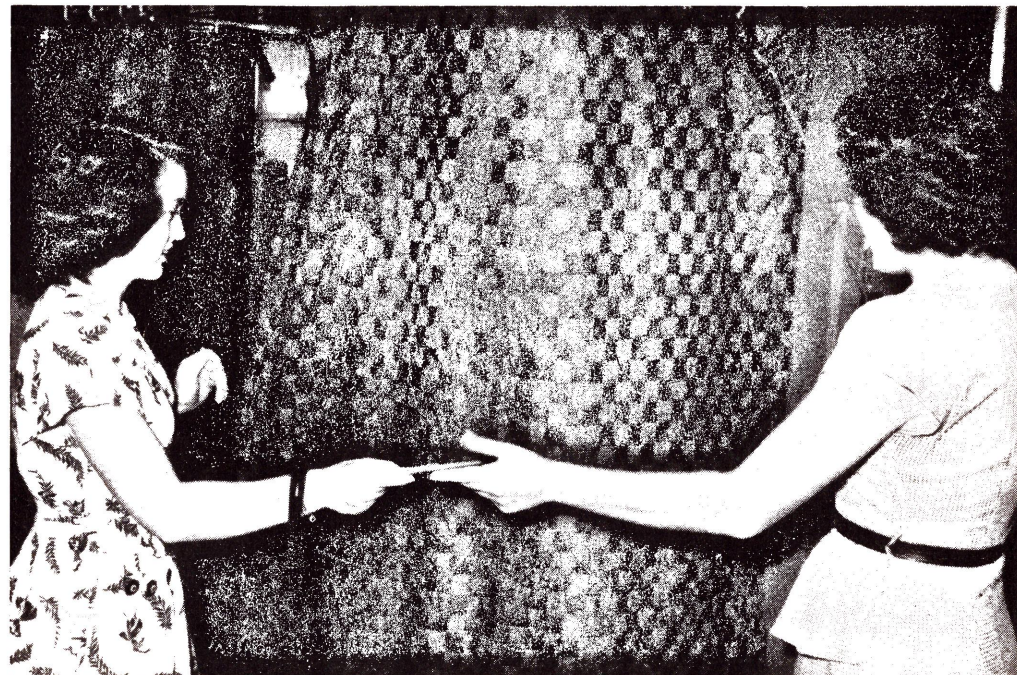


THE SENIORS ELECT THEIR OFFICERS



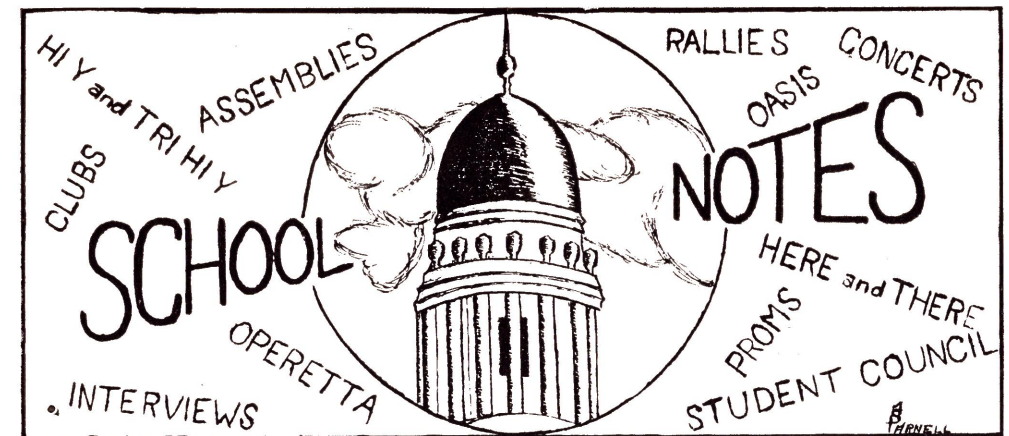
CHECKING THE VOTING LIST

Carl Lunde '49



MARY GRANFIELD PREPARES TO VOTE

Carl Lunde '49



Margaret Kelly—School Notes Editor
Guiliano Giusti—Vocational Editor

Assistants: Leona Gale, Elaine Morrier, June Gaviorno, Helen Giftos, Miriam Najimy, Helen Maniatis, Marion Walsh, Joyce Gasper, May Garnish, Jean McDonald, Ella Diczenco, Mary Kelley, Eleanor Lynch, Jean Krook, Betty Bianchi, Marilyn Garrity, Diamond Gregory, Rita Ross, Laura Stoskin, Dolores Bernardo, Ann Parnell, Nancy Knoblock, Robert Jordan.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The beginning of school, September 3, 1947, found a few changes in the Vocational department. With cool weather coming on, the boys in welding heartily welcome the change in the position of the welding shop, which is now located in the rear of Pittsfield High School. Also the Vocational stockroom, which was situated between the main corridor and Room B-9, has been moved to the main corridor opposite the printing shop. It is interesting to know that both of these projects were aided by the drafting department. The floor plans of the welding shop and entire plans of the stockroom were originated and drawn up in that department.

This year also finds Vocational leading the way. For the first time in the history of this high school a Vocational boy is president of the senior class. It's about time that Vocational boys realized they have a chance if they want it.

Americo Contenta belongs to the Vocational course, yet he was elected president both last year and this year. What we're trying to do is encourage more boys from the Vocational department to take an active part in school activities.

In ending we should like to say, "Loads of luck, Merk and let's go, Vocational."

HOME ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

During an "A" period on October 6, home-room representatives to the Student Council were elected. The duties of each representative are to act as messenger between his home-room and the Student Council, relaying ideas and suggestions as well as informing the students of the activities of the Council. The Representatives who were chosen are as follows:

Room 102, Anthony Blasioli, Michael Rapkowitz; 103, Elizabeth Wilber, George Yannone; 104, Maureen Vincent, Walter Weeks; 107, Marion Filton, Byron Filkins; 110, Ann Evans, Donald Curtis; 137, Barbara Clark, George Crown; 138, Edith Butler, Robert Brown; 140, Dolores Bernado, Donald Agar; 141, Bruno Montini, Vincent Monitto; 142, Virginia Pratt, Joseph Principe; 143, Helen Wood, Walter Van Der Kar; 145, Vivian Traversa, Robert Southworth; 147, Jean Shepardson, Anthony Sacchetti; 148, Barbara Depew, Raymond Denno; 149, Joan Mullaney, Albert Meladeo; 201, Mary Lipari, Paul Marino; 202, Mary Kelley, Russell Johnston; 203, Marjorie Harrington, Maurice Haines; 204, Leona Gale, Manley Gardner; 205, Marcelyne Deloye, Simon Daniels; 206, Carolyn Burt, James Calnan; 208, Virginia Benz, Wilson Barnes; 212,

Nancy Knoblock, Carl Lunde; 231, Dorothy Green, James Edmonds; 233, Marjorie Munn, Rene Moser; 235, Ann Parnell, Warren Preble; 236, Marilyn Sherman, John Shields; 238, Barbara Stickles, Fred Tregaskis; 239, Muriel De Celles, Mary Whitham; 240, Joyce Wood, Richard Harrington; 241, Frances Barry, Harry Adams; 242, Ann Bossidy, Paul Bousquet; 243, Anne Cooney, John Coughlin; 302, Ruth Thompson, Charles Steady; 305, Anita Quirico, Larson Powell; 332, Vency Noto, George Pezzini; 333, Joan McIntire, James McGuigan; 335, Margery Lyman, John Massimiano; 337, Eleanor Kirchner, John Kreiger; 341, Barbara Hyde, Malcolm Kane; 344, Margaret Gultinan, John Hart; B9, Robert Jordan, Charles Barris; 14, Donald McIntyre, Patrick Scago.

NEW COMERS

A new member of the English Department this year is Miss Anastatia Power. Miss Power graduated from Lenox High School and North Adams Teachers College. Before coming to P. H. S. she taught in Lenox schools and at Tucker School. She has taken graduate work both at North Adams State Teachers' College and at Harvard University. Those pupils who had Miss Power at Tucker know how friendly and helpful she is.

So, you've been wondering who that attractive teacher is that you've seen in 146 every morning before classes start. Well, meet Miss Julia Lekarczyk, a graduate of Pittsfield High School and later of Boston University. Miss Lekarczyk is teaching English and Polish. She first taught in Dedham High School and then in Pontoosuc Junior High School before coming to her Alma Mater. She has studied violin at the New England Conservatory under the direction of Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and has taken graduate work in English at Boston University and Polish at Alliance College.

THE CAMERA CLUB

Under the guidance of Mr. James Conroy, thirty-four boys and girls gathered in Room 316 Thursday night, September 18, to organize the Camera Club. The following officers were elected: Americo Contenta, president; John Stebbins, vice president; June Gaviorno, secretary; and Theresa Cianflore, treasurer. Aaron Thomas was elected janitor. The club has started the developing of pictures, and in the future they plan to do printing and enlarging. They also plan to have professional photographers talk to them.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

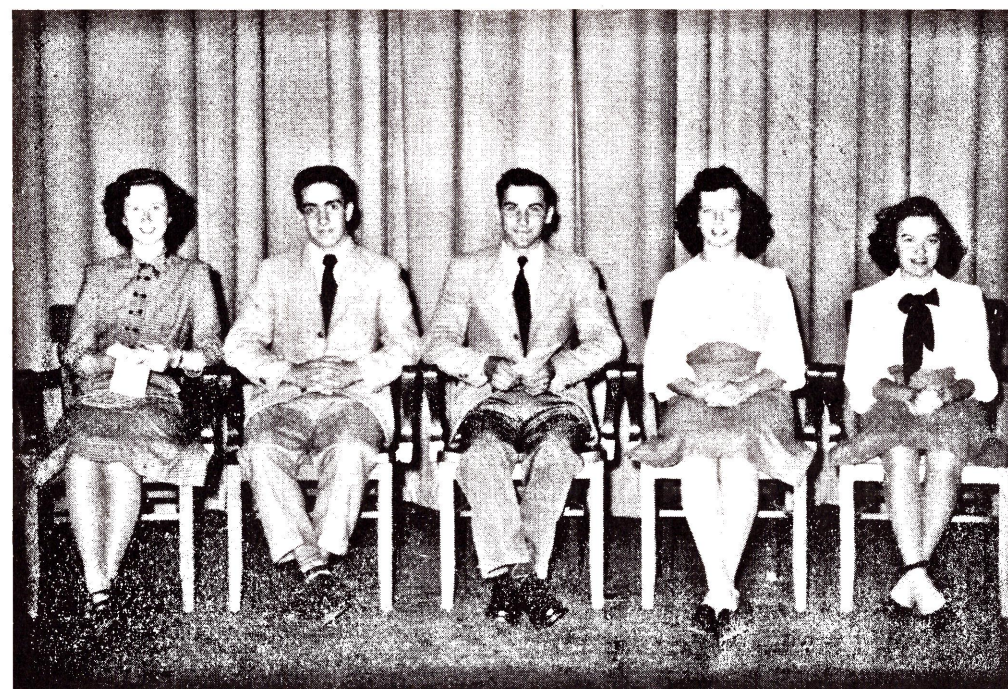
The Motion Picture Club held its first meeting of the year September 19, 1947, in Room 201, under the direction of Miss E. Laura Hodges, to elect officers.

The newly elected officers are: president, Louise Elliot; vice-president, Selma Garbowitz; recording secretary, Nancy Dallmeyer; corresponding secretary, Laura Stoskin; treasurer, Jean Smith; librarians, Mildred Waldman and Diamond Gregory.

The following members were elected chairmen of committees: program, Mario Bruni; reporting, Richard Hamilton; sunshine, Arlene Bookless.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

This year the Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman, with Jean Travers as accompanist, started off with enthusiasm. It has the largest enrollment in its history,—two hundred fourteen girls. One standing outside the auditorium on any Wednesday afternoon after school can hear them vocalizing on such pieces as "Gypsy Song" and "Habanera" from the opera "Carmen" by Bizet, "O'er the Summer Tide" from "Lahme" by Delibes, "Moonlit Meadows" by Czibulka, and "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser" by Wagner. These are all songs which have never been sung before by the Girls' Glee Club.



NEWLY ELECTED SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS
Left to Right: Jean Lowery, Secretary; Donald Troy, Boy Vice President; Americo Contenta, President; Virginia Ditmar, Girl Vice President; Joan Dennison, Treasurer.

John Stebbins, '48

SENIOR ELECTION

"One of the shortest elections in the city's history," was the way in which The Berkshire Evening Eagle described the senior class election on September nineteenth. Approximately five hundred seniors cast their ballots in the school gymnasium in three quarters of an hour. City Clerk John J. Fitzgerald expressed the hope that the parents of these pupils would do as well when they go to the polls.

Also unusual was the fact that for the first time in the school's history a Vocational shop student, Americo Contenta, won senior presidency. Americo was also president of last year's class. Donald Troy defeated

Dominick Diconzo for the office of boy vice-president. The other three officers also held office last year. Here are the results of the election:

President, Americo Contenta; Boy Vice-President, Donald Troy; Girl Vice-President, Virginia Ditmar; Secretary, Jean Lowery; Treasurer, Joan Dennison.

Jean Travers is the chairman of the Senior Good Will Committee and is anxious to hear of any senior who is in the hospital or in need of a bit of cheer from the senior class. Please contact her in Room 238 regarding any seniors in that category.



MEET THE FACULTY

Introducing Miss Rachel W. Morse, head of the history department and teacher of history and psychology. Miss Morse is a graduate of Boston University and the Fitchburg State Teachers College. She taught at Hamilton-Wenham for two years and then at Westerly, Rhode Island High School for one year. In 1919 Miss Morse came to Pittsfield to teach. When she first came here, she planned to stay for only two years. She has been teaching here for twenty-eight years. Her favorite pastime is doing handwork, and she has no pet peeves. Miss Morse likes her pupils. She has enjoyed her long term of service at Pittsfield High School, both because of the friendships she has made among faculty members and because of the young men and women who have been in the school throughout the years, a group she believes second to none. She salutes them all as they pass in review—twenty-eight years of youth.

ASSEMBLIES

On September 10, the entire sophomore student body assembled in the auditorium for the purpose of learning the school's songs and cheers. Following an address by Principal Roy M. Strout, the assembly was turned over to Marilyn Burke and her squad of cheerleaders. Those sophomores will certainly have to make a lot more noise if they hope to out-yell the juniors and seniors.

"For girls only" read the bulletin notice of the assembly held on September eleventh. This was the annual Girls' League assembly to inform the girls of the league's activities. Miss Betty Kingsley, who is Executive Director of the Girls' League, introduced her assistants, who told the girls of the new activities featured at the league this year. Each girl was given a mimeographed program of all the scheduled activities.

The boys had the next assembly on September 26 all to themselves. This assembly was to inform all boys of seventeen years of age of the Naval Reserve Program and the State Guard Program.

On September 29 came the assembly for Fire Prevention Week. This was the first assembly for the school body as a whole. Captain William E. Higgins of the Fire Department gave a talk on fire hazards and then introduced Mr. Frederic Dubois, chairman of the Fire Prevention Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Dubois gave the student body a demonstration of common causes of fires in the home and told how to prevent conflagrations. After the demonstration, two movies on fires were shown. One was very educational, while the other was light and amusing.

The first of the School Assembly Series programs was on October sixteenth. Mr. Walter van Haitsma, who is a vocational counselor and writer on vocational subjects, spoke on the subject "Let's Face It Now". In this talk he discussed the factors in choos-

ing a career, the value of a high school education, the careful choice of a school or college for further training, how to get a job, how to keep a job and get the most out of it.

On October 23 Mr. Richard Pough, who is on the Scientific Staff of the Audubon Society that has its headquarters in New York City, spoke to the assembled students on "The Outdoors in New England". He came to the school through the cooperation of the Berkshire Museum.

RALLY!!! RALLY!!!

Spirit and tension ran high as the Student Body of P. H. S. entered the auditorium on September 18 for the first rally of the year. Sparked by a plea from Coach Fox, the students, led by Captain Marilyn Burke and her assisting cheerleaders, really made the rafters rise. Dornie Troy, our progressive football captain, gave us great hopes of winning with his encouraging speech. Then followed school songs to the excellent accompaniment of Mr. Gorman and his band.

THE CHEERLEADERS

Joanne Shuster and Elaine Theboda of the junior class made the regular varsity cheerleading squad as result of recent tryouts. The girls were chosen for cheering form and voice. The regulars are Marilyn Burke (captain), Virginia Ditmar, Patricia Legge, Mary Monteleone, Olga Totaro and Joyce Wood. Other juniors chosen for the junior varsity squad are Joan Bates, Barbara Crow, Connie Douillet, Jean McDonald, Patricia Ploss, Joanne Reder and Karyl Sottung. The girls, under the guidance of Miss Rosemary Haylon, Miss Kathleen Madden, and Miss Eileen Murphy, spend a great deal of time practicing and working on new cheers. The co-operation of the student body would be greatly appreciated.



FROM ACROSS THE SEA

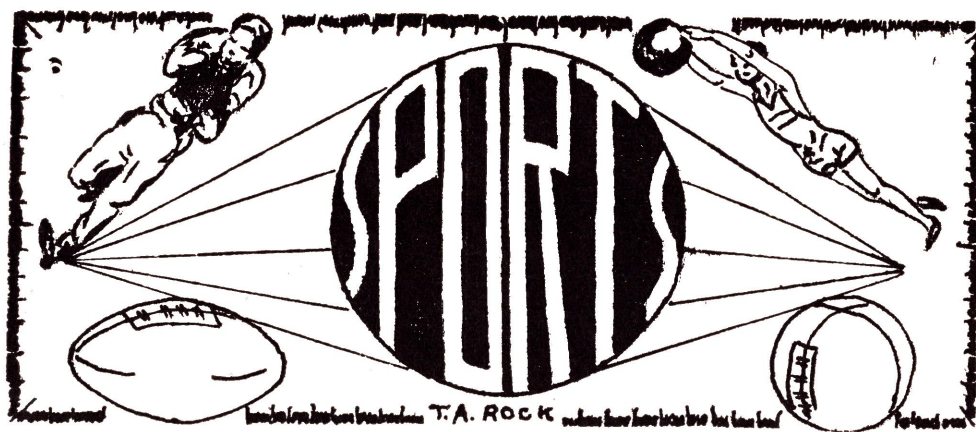
"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" This was a common question around P. H. S. on October first as Gertrude and Otto Bunz, fresh from Czechoslovakia, entered high school. Only two weeks before, they had arrived in Pittsfield from Europe, and they were eager to enter an American school to learn to speak English.

Gertrude, eighteen, was born in New York but went to Czechoslovakia when an infant. Otto, sixteen, was born in that country. Both young people have completed the eight years of school required in Czechoslovakia and have taught themselves German. Through this language they were able to talk with Mr. George Innis, head of the modern language department, and also with some of the pupils who are studying German.

To date, Gertrude and Otto are enrolled in the German and Polish classes, trying in this way to master English as rapidly as possible.

COMING IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

Holiday features. Pictures of the football team, and the Student Council.



P.H.S. BREAKS ADAMS' JINX, 19-0

On a balmy Indian Summer afternoon which seemed more like July than October, Pittsfield High's crack football squad defeated Adams for the first time since 1937. The score: 19-0.

The first tally of the game came mid-way in the second period when Captain Donnie Troy bucked over from the one-yard line. The extra-point attempt was wide, but Pittsfield led 6-0. And thus the score remained through the third and most of the fourth period. Then late in the last period, Rit Arpante on a full-spinner broke away for 36 yards and a second touchdown. Sachetti's kick for an extra point was good, and the score rose to 13-0.

In the remaining minutes of the game, an intercepted pass enabled Pittsfield to set up another scoring opportunity. John Perrone, the hefty sophomore fullback, completed Pittsfield's drive by plunging over from the one-yard line. Seconds later the game ended.

Outstanding defensively for Pittsfield were Eddie Mlynarczyk, Frank Segala, and Perrone, who played a superlative game at fullback. Ray Bishop, a speedy Adams back, played a steady offensive game for his team.

Only one Adams drive penetrated Pittsfield territory and that was stopped on the 45 yard line. Much of the action during the game was in see-saw style except at those points at which Pittsfield set up and executed the scoring opportunities which decided the game in their favor.

PITTSFIELD NOSES HOLYOKE, 7-6

By James Dillon

It was the third game of the season, and it was also the third time this year that Pittsfield High's football team had waited until the dying moments of a ball game to keep itself in the undefeated class. Yes, that's the way P. H. S. defeated Holyoke High on October 3 at Wahconah Park. Unbelievably, it was the same man who had saved the two preceding games with his accurate right arm, Dominick Diczno.

Holyoke had nearly a two-to-one advantage in winning over the Foxmen, and their blocking was the roughest and the most potent seen by local high school fans yet this year. Holyoke presented in Francis Smith a runner who could rip a line apart and still show blinding speed when in the open. Holyoke couldn't, however, cope with the home team's passing attack, as Diczno and Troy completed 7 out of 14 between them.

The visitors made their score in the third quarter on a 2-yard plunge by Smith after they had marched 79 yards in 15 plays and 4 first downs, and their 6-0 lead seemed monstrous with but five minutes remaining in the contest.

It was at this point that Diczno uncorked a 30-yard pass to "Bugs" Mlynarczyk, who ran to the Holyoke 1-yard line. Here, Bugs was tackled hard, so hard in fact that the sphere squirted into the arms of an opponent in the end zone for a touchback. The locals weren't dismayed at this, however, and as

soon as Holyoke punted from their own twenty, P. H. S. began its drive. They marched to the visitors' 17 in 7 plays before Diczno again faded back to pass. He found his mark again in the form of Mlynarczyk; this time for a touchdown. Tony Sachetti's perfect boot provided the needed margin.

Rit Arpante assumed the leading role in the ball-carrying department for Pittsfield by gaining 68 yards in 6 runs. His buddy, Captain Troy, spent most of his time stopping opponents. Don seemed to be in on every tackle.

P. H. S. 19—TECH 7

By James Dillon

Displaying the same sizzling pass attack shown on the preceding Saturday against Greenfield, Pittsfield High School finally came to life in the last five minutes of play at Springfield's Century Stadium to triumph over a none-too-impressive Technical High team 19 to 7. The game provided the fourth touchdown in two games for P. H. S., and three of those can be chalked up to the passing arm of quarterback Dom Diczno.

In the first period the Foxmen appeared to be headed toward a walkaway, as they marched 72 yards in 13 plays to a score. The remainder of the half was scoreless.

Tech, however, struck back with fury in the third canto to do some marching on their own; and their quarterback, Jim Hamilton, not only scored on a plunge from the three, but also kicked the point after to tie it up at 7-7.

Tech knocked again at the P. H. S. door later in the same period, only to be held. It then remained for Coach Fox's own "touchdown twins" to make the deciding score. It came on a 30-yard run by Troy on a short pass from Diczno, and Donny had to dodge at least six men to reach pay dirt.

Charley Falkowsky, in at end for the injured Cauffman, then took the spotlight by sending the ensuing kickoff out of the Tech

end zone. The home club then put the ball in play on their own twenty, only to have "Bus" Hayford intercept a half-blocked pass on the first play. After two runs failed to gain, Diczno threw his second touchdown pass and Falkowsky made a great catch for a score.

Tony Sachetti made his first kick good, had the second blocked, and missed the third.

Hamilton provided most of the thrills for the Tech rooters, but the whole Pittsfield team was generally too good for the Tigers.

PITTSFIELD 6—GREENFIELD 6

By R. W. Harrington

The rain postponed the Pittsfield-Greenfield High School football game scheduled for Friday night, September 19, but the eighteen hour wait till Saturday afternoon did not stop our boys from fighting to a 6-6 tie with their opponents from Franklin County.

Pittsfield won the toss and Don Troy elected to kick off for Pittsfield. Greenfield then marched sixty-nine yards in fourteen plays for a touchdown, scored by Billy Horne, who was a regular end at P. H. S. last year.

Greenfield showed power against P. H. S. in the first half, but the Purple really came back in the second half to put on a show.

In the final period Pittsfield drove to three first downs. Then, with the ball resting on the Greenfield thirty-yard line, Dom Diczno threw a beautiful pass to right end, Ed. Mlynarczyk, who made a grand catch for a touchdown.

Captain Troy made the longest run of the day, a thirty-four yard punt runback. Bud Cauffman and Rit Arpante worked a lateral pass play well for Pittsfield.

There were two P. H. S. casualties of the day, necessitating two of the three substitutions made by Coach Art Fox. Jimmie (Chucky) Danford, left tackle, suffered a dislocated shoulder, and Jim Pechewlys, right tackle received a badly swollen hand.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Gloria DiPietro

ON THE PLAYING FIELD

In the autumn, a girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of lazy summer evenings and (let's hope) busy fall days.

Most of the girls have their days planned, and according to the gym notebook, sports take up quite a bit of that time—girls' sports, I mean!

The field hockey tournament and sophomore badminton practice are on this month's agenda.

FIELD HOCKEY

Enthusiastic sophomores, fifty-five of them, gaily clad in shorts, red sweaters and orange pinnies, shiver through hockey practice Monday and Wednesday afternoons. The first-aid kit won't be needed for bruises this year; the ball can't get past their goose-pimples! Practically all of the girls have no experience in hockey, but they are learning fast. They like to play and seem to be having a great deal of fun. None of the hockey teams have been selected, but all of the sophomore candidates show the spirit that makes an opponent think twice before deciding to romp through a game. Catherine Mierzejewski, Mary Ellen Hill, Jeanette Cornelius, Marsha Viale, and Jean Cronin have natural abilities which lead us to think we'll be hearing more from them in girls' sports.

The juniors are vigorous—that's the only word that describes them. Just as you decide it's time to lie down and rest, they want to "play some more!" Those girls on the 1946 sophomore team who have returned this year are Norma Fitch, Ilene and Irene Zajchowski, Elaine Paduano and Joan Eagen. Norma Carosso, Ann Vaughan, Nancy Knoblock

and Phil Lisi are among the new candidates who show promise.

Now, where the sophomores are enthusiastic, and the juniors vigorous, the seniors are cool, calm, collected and dignified—of course. Their gentle taps, which go for twenty yards, travel with ease, precision, and above all, dignity. On the other end of the hockey sticks, are veterans Ginny Ditmar, Barbara May, Mary Granfield, Alma Rosenfield and Catherine Komuniecki. Promising rookies are Bernice Gardner, a natural goalie, Claire Rosenfield, Mary Kelley, Gloria Genovese, Marilyn Shaunessy, Pat Bendell, Eleanor Lynch and Gloria DiPietro. Twenty-four seniors signed up and fewer than that showed up for practice. What's the matter, girls?

The inter-class hockey tournament will be held during the week of October twenty-seven. Each team will play the others twice.

BADMINTON

Every day but Friday, sophomores are learning the rudiments of badminton under the critical eyes of both Coaches McNaughton and Morgan. Because of the shortage of material during the war, gym uniforms were any and all colors. Now, with war-time restrictions lifted, we have matching uniforms for each class once more. The sophomores, whose uniforms consist of white tailored blouses, navy-blue shorts, and white sneaks and socks, look very neat at badminton practice. The new racquets and birdies also help to give the sport a clean, businesslike air.

Coordination and a measuring eye are important assets in this game. Girls to whom

these abilities seem to come naturally, are Jean Rita Biron, Joyce Gasper, Rita Biron, Lillie Galliano, Lillian Cross and Pat Girard. To the other sophomores who are new to badminton, three words of encouragement: "It takes time—let's add another one—and practice."

When the sophomores end their practice, the juniors will begin. The seniors will practice in the spring. The tournament will take place in June, and all the games will be doubles. Last year's winners were seniors Milly Barnes and Rose Eagen. This leaves the championship open to all classes; it's anybody's tournament.

GYM CLASSES

The sophomore gym class, which totals over three hundred, is the largest in the history of P. H. S. It averages about fifty-five girls per class.

To help lessen the burden of the coaches' work, these seniors have given up their study periods to assist in the gym: Barbara May, Olive Whitman, Nancy Whorle, Barbara Gould, Lucille Haines, Jean Smith, Mary Kelley, Nancy Dallmeyer, Madalene Derado, Catherine Komuniecki, Rita Byrne and Beverly Rose.

HOW DO WE RATE?

When Miss McNaughton attended summer school this year, she met gym instructors from all parts of the United States. Among the things they discussed were the sports offered in their schools. The majority of them had only volleyball, basketball, softball and swimming. Because of their good outdoor weather, the states on the Pacific coast had the greatest amount of sports to offer. Our Berkshire weather kept P. H. S. off the top, but we compared favorably enough. Our program this year, as last year, is well rounded. In the autumn, there is field hockey, followed by volleyball. Beginning after Christmas, we'll have bowling, swimming,

inter-class basketball and the Round Robin basketball tournament. The softball and badminton tournaments are slated for the spring.

NOTES

The sophomores are not new to Pittsfield High. During the Junior High School Play Day last spring, the Class of 1950 was introduced to girls' sports. They spent an entire afternoon alternating between the gym and backfield, playing a dozen different games.

The secret key or password to a good player is coordination. Carleton, and not Confucius, said that.

Who will hide Miss McNaughton's clothes during fourth period now that Millie Barnes and Barbara Nicholls have graduated?

It's too bad that Catherine Komuniecki has changed her gym skirt. The orange one was so becoming!

Close observation of the sophomores at field hockey shows how blood-thirsty they are. One was seen recently looking for someone to hit with her hockey stick.

HIGHLIGHTS OF PITTSFIELD-HOLYOKE GAME

By Richard Burnell

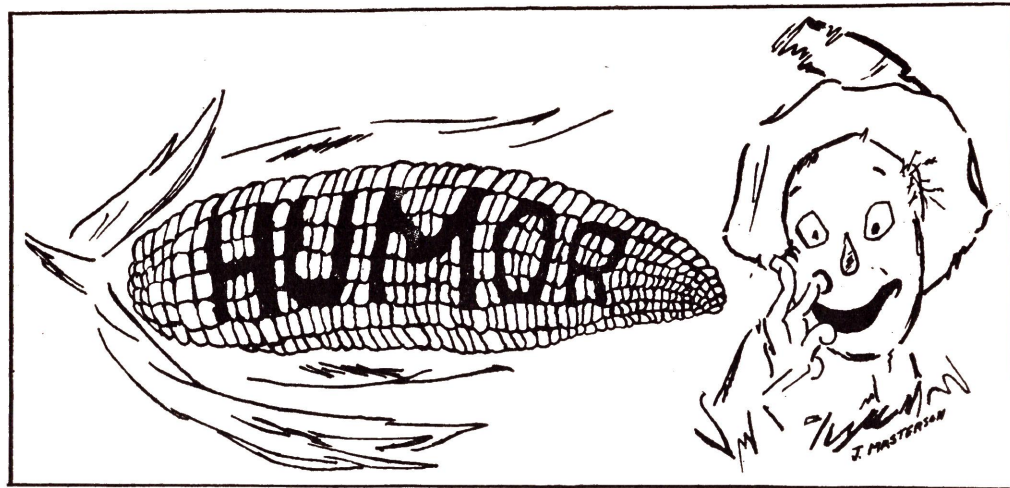
A touchdown pass Diczento to Mlynarczk plus a perfect placement kick by Tony Sacchetti climaxed an uphill battle as Pittsfield defeated Holyoke 7-6.

Both teams played an exceptionally hard and rather rough game. Holyoke lost 65 yards on 5 penalties and Pittsfield 20 on 2 penalties.

Don Troy saved the game for Pittsfield when Bob Viamari of Holyoke cut through his own right tackle and went for 49 yards to the Pittsfield 19. A tackle from behind by Troy brought him down.

Rit Arpante was the chief ground gainer for Pittsfield. He made 68 yards on 6 carries.

Frank Segala, Pittsfield center, played a brilliant defensive game.



Coach Fox: Why have you got your socks on inside out?

Segala: My feet got so hot I turned the hose on them.

Mr. Spina: (When Dizenzo had come into class five minutes after fire drill) And, where have you been?

Dizenzo: Out turning off hydrants.

Teacher: It is said that the less you have, the freer you are.

Voice: I'm free—free!

Coach Fox to player with internal injuries: Doc Wood will see you inside.

1st Junior: What was Caesar's greatest victory?

2nd Junior: He wiped out an entire division yesterday in Room 208.

Brosseau: Nice car—how much horse power?

Brundage: Lift up the hood and count the plugs.

Troy to Mr. Geary: Should I go to college?

Mr. Geary: The most important thing in your life is to go to college and get that pig-skin.

Preble: What makes you think you know something about the European Seas?

Bousquet: All that we've been doing in history is studying about the French serfs!

Mr. Maloney: At some time or another, everyone should make it a point to visit the stock yards.

Vuillemont: Yeah—It's really a sight worth sniffing.

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Mr. Maloney: "Tony, can you tell me the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?"

T. Balloto: "Sure, one is a strong will and the other is a strong won't."

Mr. Sheridan: "Well, Roger, what did you do on your vacation?"

Roger: "Oh, not much, sir, not enough to write an essay on, anyway."

During a quiz a teacher asked: "Does the question trouble you?"

"Not at all," replied the student, "it is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

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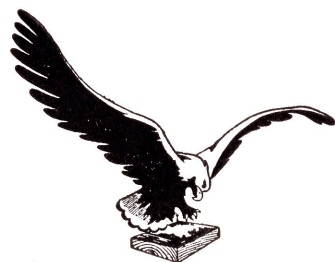


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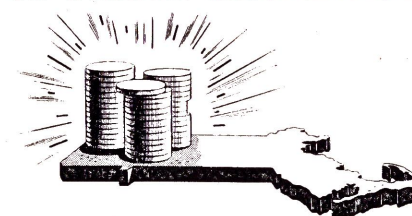
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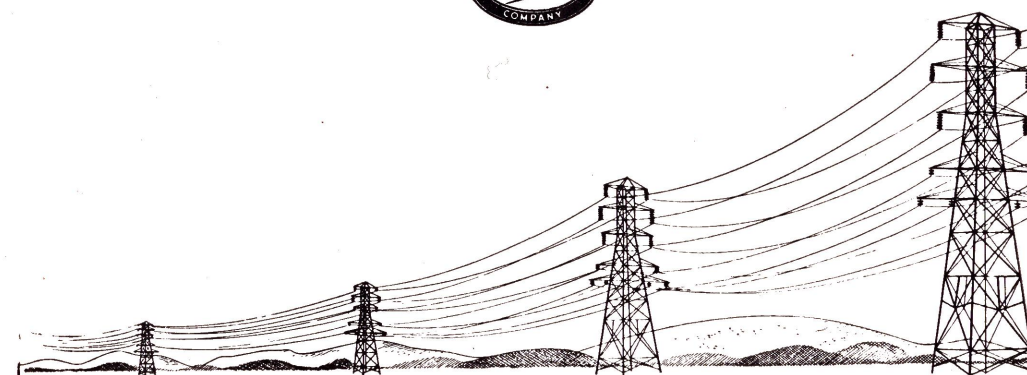
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